

WHEN YOUR BACK ACHES SUSPECT THE KIDNEYS.

Backache is kidney ache, in most cases. The kidneys ache and throb with dull pain because there is inflammation within. You can't be rid of the ache until you cure the cause—the kidneys.

Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys. G. S. Warren, 1517 No. 7th St., Boise, Idaho, says: "An injury to my back years ago left me lame. I had to use a cane, and it hurt me terribly to stoop or lift. The kidney secretions passed too frequently. For five years since I was cured by Doan's Kidney Pills, I have had no return of the trouble."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

The Perverse Sex.

"Hinkley's got a wonderful head. All his woman readers are simply wild over that serial love story he is running in the Daily Stunt."

"How did he clinch 'em?"

"Why, he printed the last chapter first."

AFTER FOUR YEARS OF MISERY

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Baltimore, Md.—"For four years my life was a misery to me. I suffered from irregularities, terrible dragging sensations, extreme nervousness, and that all gone feeling in my stomach. I had given up hope of ever being well when I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Then I felt as though new life had been given me, and I am recommending it to all my friends."—Mrs. W. S. Ford, 2207 W. Franklin St., Baltimore, Md.

The most successful remedy in this country for the cure of all forms of female complaints is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has stood the test of years and to-day is more widely and successfully used than any other female remedy. It has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means had failed.

If you are suffering from any of these ailments, don't give up hope until you have given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. She has guided thousands to health, free of charge.

Don't Persecute your Bowels

Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal—harsh—unnecessary. Try

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowels. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache and Indigestion, as millions know.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price. GENUINE must bear signature:

Wm. Wood

OUR TREASURY STOCK

is now being sold (by mail only) at par \$10 per share, for the purpose of starting factory for the manufacture of Montgomery "OPEN EYE BRAND" shoes. This stock will go in 60 days per share soon. BUY IT NOW! and MAKE BIG MONEY! Send cash for one, or more shares and receive stock by return mail. Remit direct to the MONTGOMERY SHOE CO. OF AMERICA. (Anchor Station) St. Louis, Mo.

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PISO'S CURE

THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

It will instantly relieve that racking cough. Taken promptly it will often prevent Asthma, Bronchitis and serious throat and lung troubles. Guaranteed safe and very palatable.

All Drugists, 25 cents.

SERIAL STORY

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

By

ROBERT AMES BENNET

Illustrations by

RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrop, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunken stupor, Blake, situated on the boat because of his roughness, became a hero as preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Leslie. Blake started to swim back to the ship to recover what was left. Blake returned safely. Winthrop wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scolded by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish. The trio started a ten mile hike for higher land. Thirst attacked them. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weakness. He taunted Winthrop. They entered the jungle. That night was passed roosting high in a tree. The next morning they descended to the open again.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"How wide is it?" inquired Winthrop, gazing at his swollen hands.

"About 300 yards at high tide. May be narrower at ebb."

"Could you not build a raft?" suggested Miss Leslie.

Blake smiled at her simplicity. "Why not a boat? We've got a penknife."

"Well, then, I can swim."

"Bully for you! Guess, though, we'll try something else. The river is chuck full of alligators. What you waiting for, Pat? We haven't got all day to fool around here."

Winthrop twisted the creeper about his leg and slid to the ground, doing all he could to favor his hands. He found that he could walk without pain, and at once stepped over beside Blake's club, glancing nervously around at the jungle.

Blake jerked up the end of the creeper, and passed the loop about Miss Leslie. Before she had time to become frightened he swung her over and lowered her to the ground lightly as a feather. He followed, hand under hand, and stood for a moment beside her, staring at the dew-dripping foliage of the jungle. Then the remains of the night's quarry caught his eye, and he walked over to examine them.

"Say, Pat," he called, "these don't look like deer bones. I'd say—yes; there's the feet—it's a pig."

"Any tusks?" demanded Winthrop. Miss Leslie looked away. A heap of bones, however cleanly gnawed, is not a pleasant sight. The skull of the animal seemed to be missing; but Blake stumbled upon it in a tuft of grass and kicked it out upon the open ground. Every shred of hide and gristle had been gnawed from it by the jackals; yet if there had been any doubt as to the creature's identity there was evidence to spare in the savage tusks which projected from the jaws.

"Je-rusalem!" observed Blake; "this old boar must have been something of a scrapper his own self."

"In India they have been known to kill a tiger. Can you knock out the tusks?"

"What for?"

"Well, you said we had nothing for arrow points."

"Good boy! We'll clinch them and ask questions later."

A few blows with the club loosened the tusks. Blake handed them over to Winthrop, together with the whisky flask, and led the way to the half-broken patch through the thicket. A free use of his club made the path a little more worthy of the name, and as there was less need of haste than on the previous evening, Winthrop and Miss Leslie came through with only a few fresh scratches. Once on open ground again, they soon gained the fallen palms.

At a word from Blake, Miss Leslie hastened to fetch nuts for Winthrop to husk and open. Blake, who had plucked three leaves from a fan palm near the edge of the jungle, began to split long shreds from one of the huge leaves of a cocconut palm. This gave him a quantity of coarse, stiff fiber, part of which he twisted in a cord and used to tie one of the leaves of the fan palm over her head.

"How's that for a bonnet?" he demanded.

The improvised head-gear bore so

grotesque a resemblance to a recent type of picture hat that Winthrop could not repress a derisive laugh. Miss Leslie, however, examined the hat and gave her opinion without a sign of amusement. "I think it is splendid, Mr. Blake. If we must go out in the sun again, it is just the thing to protect one."

"Yes. Here's two more I've fixed for you. Ready yet, Winthrop?"

The Englishman nodded, and the three sat down to their third feast of coconuts. They were hungry enough at the start, and Blake added no little keenness even to his own appetite by a grim joke on the slender prospects of the next meal, to the effect that if in the meantime not eaten themselves they might possibly find their next meal within a week.

"But if we must move, could we not take some of the nuts with us?" suggested Winthrop.

Blake pondered over this as he ate, and when fully satisfied he helped himself up with his club he motioned the others to remain seated.

"There are your hats and the strings," he said, "but you won't need them now. I'm going to take a prospect along the river, and while I'm gone, you can make a try at stringing nuts on some of this leaf fiber."

"But, Mr. Blake, do you think it's quite safe?" asked Miss Leslie, and she glanced from him to the jungle.

"Safe?" he repeated. "Well, nothing ate you yesterday, if that's anything to go by. It's all I know about it."

He did not wait for further protests. Swinging his club on his shoulder he started for the break in the jungle which marked the hippopotamus path. The others looked at each other, and Miss Leslie sighed. "If only he were a gentleman!" she complained.

Winthrop turned abruptly to the coconuts.

CHAPTER VII.

Around the Headland.

It was mid morning before Blake reappeared. He came from the mangrove swamp where it ran down into the sea. His trousers were smeared to the thigh with slimy mud; but as he approached the drooping brim of his palm-leaf hat failed to hide his exultant expression.

"Come on!" he called. "I've struck it. We'll be over in half an hour."

"How's that?" asked Winthrop.

Blake paused for a moment at high-tide mark, and Winthrop instantly squatted down to nurse his ankle. "I say, Blake," he said, "can't you find me some kind of a crutch? It is only a few yards around to those trees."

"Good Lord! you haven't been fool enough to overstrain that ankle—Yes, you have. Dammit! why couldn't you tell me before?"

"It did not feel so painful in the water."

"I helped the best I could," interposed Miss Leslie. "I think if you could get Mr. Winthrop a crutch—"

"Crutch!" growled Blake. "How long do you think it would take me to wade through the mud? And look at that cloud! We're in for a squall. Here!"

He handed the girl the smaller string of coconuts, flung the other up the beach and stooped for Winthrop to mount his back. He then started off along the beach at a sharp trot. Miss Leslie followed as best she could, the heavy coconuts swinging about with every step and bruising her tender body.

The wind was coming faster than Blake had calculated. Before they had run 200 paces they heard the roar of rain-lashed water, and the squall struck them with a force that almost overthrew the girl. With the wind came torrents of rain that drove through their thickest garments and drenched them to the skin within the first half-minute.

Blake slackened his pace to a walk and plodded sullenly along beneath the driving downpour. He kept to the lower edge of the beach, where the sand was firmest, for the force of the falling deluge beat down the waves and held in check the breakers which the wind sought to roll up the beach.

The rain storm was at its height when they reached the foot of the cliffs. The great rock towered above them 30 or 40 feet high. Blake deposited Winthrop upon a wet ledge and straightened up to scan the headland. Here and there ledges ran more than half-way up the rocky wall; in other places the crest was notched by deep clefts; but nowhere within sight did either offer a continuous path to the summit. Blake grunted with disgust.

"It'd take a fire ladder to get up this side," he said. "We'll have to try the other, if we can get around the

point. I'm going on ahead. You can follow, after Pat has rested his ankle. Keep a sharp eye out for anything in the flint line—quartz or agate. That means fire. Another thing, when this rain blows over, don't let your clothes dry on you. I've got my hands full enough without having to nurse you through malarial fever. Don't forget the coconuts, and if I don't show up by noon save me some."

He stooped to drink from a pool in the rock which was overflowing with the cool, pure rainwater, and started off at his sharpest pace. Winthrop and Miss Leslie, seated side by side in dripping misery, watched him swing away through the rain without energy enough to call out a parting word.

Beneath the cliff the sand beach was succeeded by a talus of rocky debris which in places sloped up from the water 10 or 15 feet. The lower part of the slope consisted of boulders and water-worn stones, over which the surf, reinforced by the rising tide, was beginning to break with an angry roar.

Blake picked his way quickly over the smaller stones near the top of the slope, now and then bending to snatch up a fragment that seemed to differ from the others. Finding nothing but limestone he soon turned his attention solely to the passage around the headland. Here he had expected to find the surf much heavier. But the shore was protected by a double line of reefs, so close in that channel between did not show a whitecap. This was fortunate, since in places the talus here sank down almost to the level of low tide. Even a moderate surf would have rendered farther progress impracticable.

Another 100 paces brought Blake to the second corner of the cliff, which jutted out in a little point. He clambered around it and stopped to survey the coast beyond. Within the last few minutes the squall had blown over and the rain began to moderate its downpour. The sun, bursting through the clouds, told that the storm was almost past, and its flood of direct light cleared the view.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Shopping in France is easy. Saleswomen are remarkably adept at their business.

That the saleswomen in European shops are wonderfully quick-witted has often been noted. This is especially true of the French. Many of them, without understanding English, will interpret correctly the comments Americans make aside when examining goods, simply by studying their gestures and facial expressions. Once in Brussels we were looking at gloves. To my certain knowledge the saleswoman was wholly unacquainted with the English language. My companion said privately to me: "I am afraid these gloves will spot." "O, no, madame," the saleswoman instantly interrupted, in French, "they will never spot at all."

In Boulogne-sur-Mer, at a shop for men's furnishings, I asked for dress shirts. A very bright young woman gave me a quick, sharp glance, and then brought some specimens. They bore no distinguishing marks as to size. "Is there some man here who can take my measure?" I asked. "That is not necessary, sir," she replied, very sweetly. "Are you sure these will fit me?" "Perfectly." "But how can you tell?" I argued, unconvinced. "Why, sir," she explained in surprise at my doubt, "I looked at you." So I took the shirts to my room and tried them on, and surely enough, they were the best fit I ever had.—Travel Magazine.

"Navigates" His Farm.

A story which almost parallels that told of Capt. Gray, the sailor-farmer of Toddy Pond, who is said to carry a compass on his plow to run the furrows straight, comes from Cranberry Isles. One sea captain, who enjoys the proud distinction of owning one of the very few horses on the island, got alarmed for fear that he would lose his bearings in the recent smoke, and on the veracious accounts of sober citizens took the binnacle from the vessel and strapped it alongside the seat of his wagon, fearing that the weather might become so thick that he would lose his bearings and have to navigate in what was worse than a fog. It is currently reported that he shouts at his team to turn to starboard or port, instead of the more conventional landlubber terms usually employed.—Kennebec (Me.) Journal.

Work on Three Branches.

Inventors are now confining their attention almost entirely to three branches—airships, automobiles and improvements in electrical appliances.

Color of Moods.

"Jinks appears to be in a brown study."

"He's always that way when he's blue."—Baltimore American.

Best Year of Hen's Life.

A hen attains her best laying capacity in her third year. She will lay in an average lifetime from 300 to 500 eggs.